PR4525
I13 I8

.13D8

"THE DUSTMAN'S BELLE:"

AN ORIGINAL COMIC DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

CHARLES DANCE, Esq.,

(Member of the Dramatic Author's Society,)

AUTHOR OF

"The Country Squire," *"The Beulah Spa."*
"Naval Engagements," *&c. &c. &c.*

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM,

On MONDAY, JUNE 1st, 1846.

LONDON.

Published by S. G. Fairbrother, 31, Bow-street, Covent Garden, and W. Strange, Paternoster Row;
Sold also by W. Barth, Brydges-street; C. Harris, Bow-street; Wiseheart, Dublin; and by all Booksellers.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PR4525
.J13J8

167082
11

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Ned Windfall,.....Mr. KEELEY
Jacob Goodman,.....Mr. MEADOWS
Morgan Rattler, ...Mr. VINING
Mr. Circuit, ...Mr. DIDDEAR
Waiter, ...Mr. KINLOCH
Newspaper Boy, ...

Sally Broomley,.....Mrs. KEELEY
Susan Rattler, ...Miss VILLARS

Servants, Tradespeople, &c.

THE DUSTMAN'S BELLE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—A STREET IN LONDON.

The houses across the stage at the back. Area railings in front of them. Area steps within the railings of the two centre houses practicable.

[*At the rising of the curtain a Dustman's bell is heard in a distant part of the Street, and the cry "Dusthoa!"*

Enter JACOB GOODMAN *and* MORGAN RATTLER, *arm-in-arm*, L. H. 1. E.

Morgan. It seems to me that I never come into this street without hearing that fellow's bell.

Jacob. He's *always* in it—

Morgan. How do *you* know?

Jacob. Oh, only from what you say—[*aside*] egad, I had nearly let out my visits to his sister. [*Aloud*] I want to ask you, Morgan, if you think it right of us to neglect our business in this way—

Morgan. Certainly not! Why do you do it?

Jacob. In the hope of keeping you out of mischief.

Morgan. Jacob, you're a beauty, but I can't help liking your company—there's a great satisfaction in always having a fellow about one that one knows to be worse than one-self.

Jacob. Much obliged to you.

Morgan. Heartily welcome—*I'm* a scamp, and have just honesty enough to own it. *You're* another, and have the impudence to set up for a saint.

Jacob. I fear I shall never get any one to understand my true character.

Morgan. That's ungrateful, when I have just explained it to you; but here's my sister—

[*Susan appears at Area gate*, L. H. *and looks down next Area as watching something.*

Jacob. What a pretty girl your sister is!

Morgan. What's that to you? How d'ye do, Sukey?

Susan. How do you do, Morgan?

Morgan. Can we come down?

Susan. Not to-day—I don't think master's going out.

Morgan. Come here, then.

[SUSAN *opens gate and comes forward. She shakes hands with* MORGAN, *and gives the other behind her to* JACOB.]

You know my *dear* friend Jacob Goodman, don't you?

Susan. I've had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Goodman; he came with you one day the week before last.

Jacob. [*Aside.*] And he has come by himself every day since.

Morgan. What were you peeping over into the next area so anxiously about?

Susan. Oh, nothing. I was only watching—woman-like—a little love-making business that's going on with my neighbour, Sally Broomly.

Morgan. Who's her swain?

Susan. The Dustman.

Morgan. The Dustman! The nasty woman!

Susan. Oh, he's not one of the grimy people that carry the baskets up and down: he's a sort of a foreman.

Jacob. Besides—a clean mind may lie concealed behind a dirty face.

Morgan. And a dirty mind behind a clean one—eh, Jacob? But I say, Sukey—we're out for the day, and we're hungry: can't you give us something to eat?

[*Bell rings within the house.*

Susan. Stay—that's my master's bell: come back in ten minutes, and I'll try what I can do. [*Going.*

Morgan. It is'nt for the value of the luncheon, but your master does deal with such a capital butcher.

Susan. Very well—I'll see about it. [*Exit to house.*

Morgan. Come along.

Jacob. Morgan, I must ask you seriously, if you feel sure it's right that your sister should give us her master's victuals?

Morgan. Why, I'm not quite so sure of that as I am that you'll eat them if she does.

Jacob. Morgan, Morgan—I begin to fear I shall never improve you.

Morgan. I can't imagine anybody less likely.

[*Exeunt together.*

Bell and cry of "Dusthoa." Enter NED WINDFALL, L. H.

Ned. Those understrappers of mine are so slow that I began to think I should never get here. And then, the horse that draws our cart, though he's as blind as Cupid, hasn't got his wings, or *he'd* move a little faster, when he knows I'm coming to see my Sally—bless her. There's the house she lives in—bless it! and bless the area-steps she sometimes creeps up to see her constant Dustman. I can soon fetch her out. Servants may get confused between the visitors' bell and the servants' bell; but there's something grand in the sound of the fine old English Dustman's bell, which the person who has once heard it can never mistake.

[*Rings bell.* SALLY *appears at area-gate,* R. H., *with brush, dusting the stones.*

Sally. If I've any ear for music—and I've been told I have—that's my Neddy's bell. How are you to-day?

[*Coming forward.*

Ned. How am I, Sally? All the better for seeing your merry face—and who is n't?

Sally. You're uncommon civil—so civil that it makes me melancholy.

Ned. Well, that's very odd.

Sally. Not if you come to think.

Ned. No?

Sally. No. Men are often mighty civil before marriage, and very much the t'other thing afterwards.

Ned. And don't you know why that is, Sally? Because if you don't it's high time you were told.

Sally. Tell me then, by all means.

Ned. Well, it's just this: *women* are often mighty civil before marriage, and very much the t'other thing afterwards.

Sally. What does that prove, but that one is as bad as the other?

Ned. Nothing: but in that nothing lies everything. When a single woman wants anything of you, it's—"You'll do it, dear, won't you? Yes, I know you will, 'cause you're my sweetheart;" but a married woman, behold you, sings a different song, and then it's—"I'll thank you to attend to what I say, sir! you must—you *know* you must—'cause you're my husband."

Sally. I never said the first to you, and so you've no right to suppose I shall ever say the second.

Ned. I don't, Sally—no, that I don't.

Sally. Very well, then, do you ever mean to behave ill to *me*?

Ned. Me, Sally!

Sally. Yes, "*you*, Sally"—'cause, if you do, I wish you'd mention it before it's too late.

Ned. When I *do* I wish an east-wind may blow a whole cart-load of dust right in my face.

Sally. What an awful wish! I must believe you.

Ned. That's right. Do you know what happened last Sunday?

Sally. What?

Ned. "Also between Edward Windfall, bachelor, and Sarah Broomly, spinster, both of this parish; being the third time of asking."

Sally. Why, it's never the third time so soon.

Ned. Isn't it, though! You can't think what an all-overishness I felt when I heard it.

Sally. Poor little man!

Ned. Ah! well may the old song say,

"Love's like a dizziness,
Won't let a poor man,
Go about his business."

But I don't care, I'm going to be a rich man one of these days.

Sally. Who told you that, you silly fellow?

Ned. A Gipsy at Horn fair.

Sally. Oh, then it's sure to be true.

Ned. You may laugh, but she did—when I was a boy; I gave her the only shilling I had, and she told me I should come to be a rich man when I grew up.

Sally. Was that all the change you got?

Ned. Yes; and pretty good change too.

Sally. When it comes; but I can open your poor weak eyes a bit.

Ned. How so?

Sally. How so—why the woman *must* say something to comfort you for the loss of your shilling, and so she told you that you'd be a rich man when you grew up, because she was sharp enough to see that you never *would* grow up.

Ned. Oh, hang the old witch! was that it? Well, never mind, what day shall we be married?

Sally. Don't ask *me* such questions.

Ned. But I must—so name the day.

Sally. Well—not Friday.

Ned. Then Thursday; give me your hand—not that—the left. [*Takes out bit of tape to measure her finger*

Sally. What are you about with my hand?

Ned. Measuring this little fourth finger: there, now you may do whatever you like with the other hand.

Sally. You give me leave?

Ned. Yes.

Sally. There, then:

[*Boxes his ear and goes towards house.*

Ned. Bless that smack; I'm the happiest of human Dustmen. [*Taking up bell.*] Good bye, Sally; and when next you hear *this* ring, you may be sure I'm coming with another.

[*Exeunt severally*—SALLY *down steps*, NED, L. H. *ringing and calling "Dusthoa."*

SUSAN *has re-appeared at gate and observes them.*

Susan. [*Coming out with two papers in her hand.*] Oh! that's it is it? Well, I wish you both joy, I'm sure.

Re-enter MORGAN *and* JACOB, R. H. 1 E.

Mor. Can we come in now?

Susan. No; but I've brought you a sandwich—[*gives it*]—and another for your friend, if he'll accept it.

[*Offering it.*

Jacob. You're very kind; but I doubt whether—

Sus. Would you mind eating first, and doubting afterwards? because if my master comes out I may get into a scrape.

Jac. To save *you* from trouble I'll eat anything—[*eats.*

Mor. Including your words; won't you, Jacob?

Jac. Will you *never* respect conscientious scruples?

Mor. [*Eating.*] Conscientious grandmothers! how do you like the sandwich?

Jac. It's very good, I confess; but if I am to answer *candidly*, I must say I have two objections to it.

Mor. Out with them. You're always a treat when you're candid.

Jac. Well, then—one is, that I very much fear our eating this gentleman's sandwiches without his leave is hardly moral; and the other is, that there's *scarcely* mustard enough.

Mor. If you mix your morality and your mustard that way, you'll be puzzled to know which you're swallowing.

Jac. [*to Susan.*] Your Brother *will* have his fun.

[*A Boy is crossing the stage with newspapers, from* R. H. 1 E.]

Mor. Holloa! you sir, come here; let me look at one of those papers.

Boy. I can't—they're all bespoke.

Mor. Nonsense—give me hold; I want to see how my shares get on. [*Reads*—JACOB *and* SUSAN *talk apart.*] Oh! here's one of 'em: thirty shillings paid—two and a half

premium. Here's the other: two pounds paid—three and a half premium—that's your sort. [*About to give paper to Boy—resumes it.*] Stop! I always like to look if any one has died and left me a fortune. [*Reads again, and aloud.*] "Heir at-Law.—Mr. Thomas Windfall, formerly of the parish of Marylebone, dust contractor, has lately died intestate. A Clerk of the Solicitor, in whose hands his papers are, is now in London, with instructions to discover his heir-at-law. If the party interested will inquire for Mr. Circuit, at the Craven Arms, Portland Street, Marylebone, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage." Persecuted individual that I am!—why isn't my name Windfall?

Sus. That's the name of the man I was telling you about just now.

Mor. What!—the fellow that makes that infernal row with the bell?

Sus. Yes.

Mor. And makes love to your friend next door?

Sus. To be sure.

Mor. [*To Boy*] I say—I shall keep this paper, whether you like it or not: there's the money. [*Boy takes money and exit,* L.H.] Now just fancy that—he's as rich as Crœsus.

Sus. Who's that?

Mor. Jacob, who's that?

Jac. I don't know; but some chap with lots of money.

Sus. And has Mr. Crœsus died and left it to this man, then?

Mor. No, no. One Thomas Windfall, formerly of this parish, dust-contractor, has died without a will. Some lawyer sends a clerk up to London to find out his heir. Now, no lawyer takes that trouble or any other for nothing, therefore you may take your oath that old Dusty has left lots of money. Young Dusty, here, is of the same name, same trade, and same parish—therefore *I'll* take *my* oath that he's the man.

Sus. And if he is, what good is it to us?

Mor. That's to be seen hereafter. A man without a projecting bump in his head isn't fit to live in these times. Where does young Dusty hang out?

Sus. I don't know?

Mor. Which way is he gone?

Sus. That way. [*pointing* L. H.

Mor. Jacob, come along: a new line is open to us.

Jac. Where's your terminus?

Mor. It isn't easy to say.

Sus. But what are you going after?

Mor. After young Dusty.

Sus. And where, then?

Mor. To find the lawyer's clerk at The Craven Arms, Great Portland Street. Come: I foresee that we shall make a good thing of this.

Jacob. I haven't the least objection, provided ——

Mor. [*interrupting him*] It's consistent with morality, I suppose. [*Exeunt*

Mor. [*returning instantly*] Susan, one caution—not a word of this to your friend next door.

Sus. Why, she's going to be married to this very man.

Mor. As far as *you* know Mind what I say, Mum's the word.

Sus. Oh, very well. "Mum."

[*Exeunt* MORGAN *and* JACOB. SUSAN *watches them off, then runs to area of* SALLY'S *house, and calls* "Sally, Sally! come up—make haste."

Sus. [*coming forward*] A precious likely story, Mr. Morgan! that I'm to know such a delicious secret as this, and leave anybody else the pleasure of telling it.

Re-enter SALLY, *from area.*

Sally. Here I am: what in the world is the matter?

Sus. Oh, Sally! I have such a secret to tell you—only I mustn't.

Sally. Nonsense! If I knew a secret about you, wouldn't I out with it.

Sus. But I've been told not.

Sally. That would just make me want to tell it all the more.

Sus. Well, I declare!—so it does me.

Sally. Go on, then—what is it about?

Sus. Mr. Windfall.

Sally. Take care, Mrs. Susan: what do you knows about him?

Sus. A *leetle* more than you do.

Sally Well, that's rich.

Sus. And so is he: as rich as some old gentleman they call Mr. Crœsus.

Sally. Goodness me!—how do you know that?

Sus. Why, my brother read in the newspaper, just now, an adver*tise*ment, saying that one Mr. Windfall is dead, and has left lots of money; and they want to find his heir-in-law, I think they call it, and my brother says that's your Windfall.

Sally. [*thoughtfully*] The Gipsy!

Sus. Well, that's civil, at any rate.

Sally. I don't mean you, Susan; but a Gipsy once told him he'd come to be a rich man. Where is poor Windfall?

Sus. I ich Windfall, you mean.

Sally. I don't know that, Susan: he's an excitable little man, and there's no knowing what effect a sudden change of fortune may have upon him.

Sus. Think of the money.

Sally. People aint always happier because they're richer —'specially people that haven't been used to it, like.

Sus. Think what lots of new gowns you'll be able to have.

Sally. Stuff!

Sus. Not stuff ones only—all kinds.

Sally Susan, I'm frightened out of my seven senses, and so I tell you. I'd give my silver thimble if I was with him to keep him right.

Sus. That's easy enough. I know where they're gone. Pop on your bonnet and shawl, and we'll be after them.

Sally. Susan, you're a good-natured, neighbourly girl, and if all goes right I'll give you a new bonnet and a shawl too; but I doubt it, I doubt it: [*going—stops*] La! how dull I do feel.

Sus. If I was in your place, I must say I should feel any thing *but* ——

Sally. If this business turns my poor Neddy's head, I shall wish the nasty money was at the ——

Sus. Hush, Sally! for shame!

Sally. Bottom of the sea.

Sus. Oh, I beg your pardon.

[*Exeunt down their several areas. Scene closes.*

Scene II.—A STREET.

Enter Ned *singing.*

Ned. Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like litle Sally;
For she's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

At least on Thursday next she *will* live in our alley; for on that happy day she will become Mrs. Windfall, and I shall become—a married man! Bless us all!—a married man! it's awful. But I shall be glad of it for one thing, at any rate. I'm a deuce of a chap for saying nice things to the girls; and, when it's once known that I'm a married man, they can't score up every civil word that one says against one. [*Takes out a paper*] I've got a verse or two here that I've written to the old tune, all in honour of my Sally that is to be. [*Appears to be studying them, with his back to* L.H

Enter JACOB *and* MORGAN, *unseen by* NED, L.H.

Mor. There he is. I wish he'd turn round. I want our meeting him to seem quite accidental. Remember your instructions.

Jac. But what part am I to play?

Mor. Second fiddle to me. Back up everything I do, and swear to everything I say.

Jac. You'll not mislead me? I have a character.

Mor. You have, and I'll do nothing to injure it. I couldn't ——

Jac. On those conditions ——

Mor. Silence! He won't turn, so we must go round and meet him the other way. Come. [*Exeunt* MOR. *and* JAC. L.H.

Ned. If she don't like this she *must* be hard to please, for I flatter myself that my Christmas carols have been rather successful lately. [*Singing.*

The Sal they used to sing about
Wa'n't half the girl my Sal is;
You'll never find her equal out,
Search all the lanes and alleys.
And when the lads look woe-begone,
Because too late they've met her,
I swell with pride and cry with scorn,
"Don't you wish that you may get her?"

[*During the Singing of the preceding verse,* MORGAN *and* JACOB *have re-entered at the opposite side,* R. H, *When* NED *looks up he sees that they are observing him, and talking to one another about him, he shews signs of annoyance.*]

Mor. Well, I never—

Jac. Nor I neither.

[NED *puts himself into an attitude of indignant defiance.*

Mor. There—*now* more than ever.

Jac. It's quite extraordinary.

Ned. Perhaps you'll know me when you see me again.

Mor. I should know you amongst a hundred

Ned. Indeed!

Jac. Amongst a thousand.

Ned. Really then! it's a pity you should waste so much time in looking at me.

Mor. Don't be annoyed with us! there's something in your appearance that make's it impossible for us to help looking at you—

Jac. It does, indeed! we're quite struck with it.

Ned. If you want to insult me, you'll stand a chance to get struck with something else.

Jac. We wouldn't offend you for the world.

Ned. Egad, you'd better not—I'm litttle, but I'm pretty tough.

Mor. [*to* JACOB.] He must be disguised.

Ned. What do you mean by disguised? I hav'nt touched a drop of liquor to-day; I'm as respectable as you are, for all your fine clothes, and my bad ones.

Mor. You confess it, then!

Ned. Confess what? you great fool.

Jac. We've caught you out.

Ned. Then you've caught a tartar.

Mor. You can't deceive us; your face, your figure, your manners, your very voice, all shew you to be above what you pretend to be—

Ned. Gammon!

Jac. Fact.

Ned. [*Aside.*] It's very odd; it does'nt seem as if they wished to be uncivil.

Mor. [*Aside to* JACOB.] He's coming round.

Ned. I tell you what it is—I'm above pretending to be anything more than what I am.

Mor. What noble sentiments!

Ned. [*pleased.*] You're very good.

Mor. Excuse the liberty in a stranger—but were you always a Dustman?

Ned. Ever since I could carry a shovel.

Jac. But you've been so well brought up.

Ned. Well, after a fashion. I had a rich uncle that gave me all the larning I've got.

Mor. And what has become of him?

Ned. Oh, I don't know; he was a very rum chap; he took miff at something I did, and went nobody knows where, years ago.

Mor. I'm quite interested in your story, and long to hear more about it. The street is no place to talk in. We're only working men like yourself, but being out for a holiday, we're a little better dressed, perhaps. We've ordered a dinner at the Tavern, at the corner of the street; so to shew that you arn't affronted come and share it with us.

Ned. [*Aside.*] By George, they're capital fellows, [*aloud*] You're deuced kind—I don't like to say no.

Jac. That's hearty of you.

Ned. Do you know I was quite taken in with you at first—but don't think anything more about that.

Jac and Mor. Oh!

Ned. I've got some better clothes at home, I promise you; I'll just go and pop 'em on, and when you see me again you shan't be ashamed to sit down with Ned Windfall.

Jac. and Mor. [*vehemently*]. Ned who?

Ned. What's the matter with you both? Ned Windfall.

Mor. Well, if that is'nt the most wonderful thing that ever happened

Jac. It's all but miraculous.

Ned. What is? what is? what is?

Mor. You're a Dustman!

Ned. Any body could see that.

Jac. Your name's Ned Windfall.

Ned. Well, I told you so.

Mor. This is the parish of Marylebone!

Ned. Of course it is.

Jac. You had an uncle!

Ned. Certainly, I had.

Mor. Was he a dust contractor?

Ned, He was.

Jac. One more question, and your fate is sealed, What was his name!

Ned. Goodness gracious! Thomas!

Mor. [*who has taken the newspaper from his pocket, gives it to* NED.] Read that—

Ned. [*having run his eye over the advertisement, and expressed astonishment as he went on.*] Mercy upon us! what must I do?

Mor. Go at once to the lawyer's clerk: we'll go with you.

Ned. No, no, not in this dress; I'll go alone.

Jac. Don't speak of dress.

Ned. How very friendly!—

Mor. Friendly? My dear Windfall, we're not the men to leave you at such a moment as this.

Ned How lucky that I met with you.

Jac. I hope it will prove so.

Ned. Stay; a thought strikes me—suppose this should be some fetch to get me into a hobble; something greatly to my *dis*advantage.

Jac. Still you'll have your *friends* about you.

Ned. I never met with two such people! Come, then, I shall be proud of your company—[*pauses, looks at his dress*]—but as I'm not quite sure that youll be proud of mine, perhaps you had better keep a little distance off.

[*Exeunt,* NED *leading,* R. H.

Scene III.—A ROOM AT THE CRAVEN ARMS.

A table with a few books, papers, letters, and a Times newspaper on it. Chairs, &c. about. fire-place with fire in the grate, and an easy chair near it.

A Waiter *enters,* L. H, *with a duster in his hand, followed by* Circuit, *who has his hat and gloves on, an umbrella in one hand, and a blue bag with papers in it in the other.* Waiter *dusts easy chair and table, and stirs the fire.* Circuit *takes off his hat and gloves, puts them and umbrella down, and lays bag on table.*

Cir. Has any one been here to inquire for me, in answer to that advertisement?

Wai. No, Sir! [*Waiter is going out of the room.*

Cir. Very well; shut the door after you.

Wai. If any body calls am I to keep them below, and let you know, sir; or shew them up at once to you?

Cir. A very proper question—stop!

Wai. [*After a short pause,*] Which am I to do, sir?

Cir. Stop, I tell you! I never answer a question without taking time to consider.

Wai. You wouldn't do for a waiter, sir!

Cir. It isn't necessary that I should.

Wai. La, sir! Master tells us that we ought to be like the Irish waiter, who got to be so sharp, that when any one wanted him, and called "wai," he said, "sir," before the Gentleman could say "ter."

Cir. Keep them below, and let me know.

Wai. Very good, sir!—do you want me any more, or am I to go?

Cir. Stop!—Go. [*Exit* Waiter, L. H.

Cir. I shan't have much trouble about this business, for I find that this Thomas Windfall had but one surviving relation, a nephew, whose name was Edward.

[*Takes up newspaper, and throws himself into an easy chair.*

Re-enter Waiter, L. H.

Wai. Two people want to see you, sir!

Cir. Jointly, or severally?

Wai. They both came together.

Cir. Males or females? Describe them, and as exactly as you can.

Wai. Two gents.

Cir. I hate that word gents—why don't you say gentlemen?

Wai. 'Cause you told me to describe them as exactly as I could, sir, and you may trust a waiter for knowing the difference between a gent and a gentleman.

Cir. Stop!—let them come up. [*Exit* WAITER, L. H.

That's a sharp fellow, that waiter, but it won't do to encourage him, or he'd talk all day.

Re-enter WAITER, L. H. *shewing in* MORGAN *and* JACOB, *followed by* NED WINDFALL.

Wai. That's Mr. Circuit. [*As he is going out, he observes* NED, *and is about to put him back.*]

Jac. [*to Waiter.*] No, no; it's all right, let him stay.

[*Exit* WAITER, L.H. CIRCUIT *gets up to receive them.*

Mor. Mr. Circuit, I believe!

Cir. I believe so.

Mor. In consequence of an advertisement——

Cir. Stop, sir! we are not upon equal terms; favor me with your name.

Mor. Morgan Rattler.

Cir. [*to* JACOB.] Your's if you please.

Jac. Jacob Goodman.

Cir. [*to* MORGAN.] Now, sir, go on.

Mor. You have put an advertisement in the Times——

Cir. My employer has.

Jac. To find the nearest relation of one Thomas Windfall ——

Cir. I'd rather hear one witness at a time, if you please.

Mor. Who has died and left him a mint of money.

Cir. I'm not aware that the advertisement states that.

Mor. Well, it's something greatly to his advantage, isn't it?

Cir. Stop—why do you ask? Neither of *you* can be the man.

Mor. No, but he's an intimate friend of ours.

Jac. A bosom friend, I may say. [*Aside*] Nobody sees me. I'll shake hands with him. [*Shakes hands with* NED.

Cir. His name?

Mor. Edward Windfall.

Cir. Aside] Right so far. [*Aloud*] And where is the said Edward?

Ned. [*From behind them*] Here.

Mor. Yes, we have brought him with us, and now ——

Cir. Stop—I never deal with deputies when I can see the principal; come forward, Mr. Edward Windfall, if that is your name. [NED *advances and bows awkwardly.*

Ned. Your servant, sir. That *is* my name, as sure as a gun.

Cir. Guns sometimes miss fire: I must have proof.

Jac. My friend and I will make any oath that is necessary.

Cir. I have known people that would, sir. [*To* NED] You must produce a certificate of your birth, my good man.

Ned. Egad, that's lucky! I'm going to be married in a few days, and I've got it in my pocket.

[*Produces and hands it to* CIRCUIT. *While* CIRCUIT *reads it the others exchange signs of satisfaction.*

Cir. [*Aside*] He must be the man, I think, but I'll test him a little further. [*Aloud*] I'm sorry to disappoint you, but in legal matters we sometimes feel it a duty to use a little deception for the good of others. The late Mr. Thomas Windfall was supposed to be a rich man.

Ned. [*Anxiously*] Supposed!

Cir. Well—he was.

Ned. [*Relieved*] Ah!

Cir. But, unfortunately, he spent it all, and died in debt. And so we have taken this method of finding out his nearest relation in hopes that, for the sake of his credit as well as his creditors, he will be induced to pay them.

Ned. And is this what you call something greatly to my advantage?

Cir. Every man who does what is right finds it to his advantage in the end.

Mor. There must be some mistake.

Cir. Not unless you have made it.

Jac. Well, I dare say we have [*To* NED] Isn't your name John?

Ned. No.

Mor. [*Aside to* NED] Swear it is.

Ned. I shan't. I hate lies.

Cir. Well, what say you?

Ned. Why, I say that my uncle Tom was a good chap to me when I was a boy, and if a five pound note will do it, I'm the man that will pay his debts.

Jac. [*Aside to* MORGAN] What a precious fool!

Mor. [*Aside to* JACOB] Just the one we wanted if he'd got the money.

Cir. Five Pounds, my good friend, won't pay your late uncle's debts.

Ned. Well, I'm sorry for it; but I can't fork out any more. I've only got ten; and I'm going to be married; and marriage, you must know, is a deuced expensive thing.

Cir. Well, my worthy friend, your conduct does you honour; and I am happy to tell you that I have been deceiving you Your uncle *was* rich, was *not* in debt, and every farthing of his money is yours.

Ned. [*Incredulously*] I'll be hanged if I can make out when you're humbugging me and when you're not.

Cir. I deserve your suspicions, but I acted from a good motive. I now find you to be a good little fellow, and I wouldn't trifle with your feelings for the world. What I last told you is strictly true.

Ned. My gracious! [*to* MORGAN.] Do you think I may believe him?

Mor. Certainly.

Jac. No doubt of it. My dear Ned, I congratulate you.

Cir. [*To* JACOB] I thought his name was John.

Jac. Well, so did I, but I forgot.

Ned. And, pray, how much money is it that's coming to me? Fifty pounds? [CIRCUIT *smiles*] What, *more?* Sixty? [CIRCUIT *continuing to smile, he continues to advance, doubtingly and anxiously*] Se-ven-ty? Eighty? A hundred? [*To* JACOB] What in the world am I to do?—he keeps grinning.

Mor. Go on, boldly.

Ned. What! more still?

Cir. More, more, friend—much more.

Jac. Try him with a thousand, slap,

Ned. [*Tremblingly*] You dont mean to say a thousand?

Cir. More yet—very much more.

Ned I say, mind what you're about—'cause I'm beginning to feel rather queer.

Cir. Well, then, I must no longer keep you in suspense — prepare your nerves for a shock.

Ned. Go it—I'm as firm as a rock.

Cir. Then it is my duty to tell you that you are the absolute owner of the large sum of sixteen thousand pounds.

Ned Oh, my eddies!

[*Staggers*—MORGAN *and* JACOB *support him*]

Cir [*Running for the easy chair*] I'll get a chair; it's too much for the poor fellow.

Mor [*Aside to* JACOB] Far too much. We must ease him of some. [*They place* NED *in a chair.*

Jac. I'm so glad to think we came with him.

Cir. You seem to take great interest in his affairs.

Mor. [*Aside*] Sneering brute.

Ned. [*Jumping up*] Here's a pretty go. Ned Windfall a man of fortune! [*Walking up and down*] Ned Windfall,

did I say? No, thank you! Edward Windfall, Esquire, if I please Gad, who knows, with all this money, perhaps I shall get be-knighted. Fancy my Sal a lady! Well, and why not? [*Sings.*]

There's ne'er a lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally.

Won't she stare her little eyes out of her little head? I'll be off and tell her. Give me my hat.

Mor. Not yet, my good friend. You're not fit to go out into the street at present.

Ned. Oh, well don't trouble yourself. [*To* CIRCUIT] Isn't this a public house?

Cir. It's a tavern.

Ned. That will do. Here—waiter! [*bawling*] waiter!

Cir. Don't bawl so—they'll think you mad. Calm yourself, my good sir.

Ned. [*Aside*] "My good sir!" oho! it's who but me, now. [*Aloud*] It's very well to talk about calming yourself; but I wish you had sixteen thousand pounds.

Cir. I join you heartily in that wish.

Ned. And then see how calm you'd be

Mor. The first thing you do, you had better come with us, and let us get you properly dressed.

Ned. Oh, bother about clothes. I aint ashamed of my dress.

Jac. But remember your position in life.

Ned. Ah, that's true. I forgot that. I dare say you're right. But what am I to do? I shall never be able to stand still for a tailor to measure me.

Cir. Mr. Windfall—a word with you.

Ned. [*Going to him*] Well, what?

Cir. [*Aside to him*] Are you snre you're qnite safe with those friends of yours?

Ned. [*Aside to him*] Oh, bless you, yes—they were friends of mine before they ever guessed I was a gentleman.

Mor. [*Aside to* JACOB] I don't like that lawyer.

Jac. [*Aside to* MORGAN] I hate all lawyers.

Ned. Its time I settled what to do, and I don't know what to be *at* first. People with my property have no business to be idling about: they ought to be doing great things for the good of the country. *I'll* do great things. I'll take the parish contract for dust ——. I'll call a hackney-coach, and drive all over London to buy things for Sally ——. I'll give a dinner to all the dustmen—roast beef, plum pudding, and as much beer as ever they can drink Won't I make their jolly grimy old faces grin for joy? I don't know what

I'll do, and I don't know what I won't do. By George, I never remembered the Gipsy. I wonder where the old girl is now. Didn't she sell me a good shillings worth? Haven't I got sixteen thou—— Ha, ha! Sixteen! Ha, ha, ha!

[*Falls into a violent fit of laughter, which becomes hysterical, and then gradually changes to crying and sinks into a chair.*

Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm very poorly.

SALLY *and* SUSAN *enter* L. H. MORGAN *and* JACOB *interpose as to put them back.*

Sally. Stand away, sir; that's my Neddy's voice, and he says he's very poorly. [*Forces past them and goes up to chair.*] Oh! Ned, what in the world is the matter?

Cir. Nothing to grieve about, my dear; he has suddenly become rich.

Sally. [*half weeping.*] Rich! Poor fellow, look at him!

Cir. Are you his wife?

Sally. No, sir! but I'm his—is to be?

Cir. Well, well, don't be alarmed, his nerves are a little shaken by the good news.

Sally. Good news? He's dying!

Jac. [*approaching.*] Bless you! he's worth half-a-dozen dead men yet.

Sally. He's worth half-a-dozen of *any kind* of men that ever *I* saw.

Mor. [*approaching.*] It's all nothing; leave him to us; he'll soon recover.

Sally. And the sooner, perhaps, if you don't stand so close to him.

Sus. Take heart, Sally; take heart! can I fetch anything?

Sally. Fetch a doctor.

Ned. [*reviving*] No, no, no! I'm better now. I don't want a doctor. I only want—[*looking up and seeing her*] Sally? [*Sally smiles and nods to him*] How did *you* get here?

Sally. We walked.

Ned. Oh, my dear Sally, such an extraordinary thing has happened to me.

Sally. I know, I know; but you're poorly—don't talk about it now!

Ned. I must, [*rising*] I must, I tell you; I can't talk about anything else.

Sally. [*to* CIRCUIT.] Oh, sir! Stop him, do! He'll excite himself till they put him in a Lunar Asylum.

Cir. We must hope not.

Ned. I'm quite well now, I tell you.

Susan. I'm very glad to hear it. We came on purpose to see how you did.

Ned. You're very kind, Mrs. Susan, very;—as kind as you are pretty—[*shakes hands with her.*]

Sally [*Observing his attention to her.*] You can't be well! I'm certain you can't! You had better let me go home with you.

Ned. In this dress, Sally? No, that you sha'nt! I never let you do that when I was a poor man. And do you think I will now that I am rich, and you're going to be a lady?

Sally. Fiddle—what's to make me a lady?

Ned Money.

Sally. Don't you believe it!—No, Mr. Ned, money *may* turn people's heads, as I fear it has yours; and change their hearts, Mr. Ned, which I hope it *won't* yours. But as to money making a proper lady, you may just as well expect a lady to make a proper housemaid.

Cir. Take my advice, friend Windfall—you're a little excited—place yourself under that young woman's care. It's quite clear to me that you can't be in better hands.

Ned. I agree with you, bless you; but I am no longer the man I was. I have new duties to perform, and though I don't exactly know what they are, I feel that I *must* perform them. Look here, Mr. Circuit, to shew you that I think quite as high of Sally as you do, I shall be glad for you, as soon as my business is all settled, to let her have as much money as ever she likes; a cart load if she chooses it: and I should wish her for to leave her place at once, and go into genteel lodgings, and there she can stay till we're married.

Cir. Well, well, but these things can't be done in a moment.

Ned. Oh, bless you, yes, they can! When a man's rich he can do anything. If her master makes any bother, pay him a quarter's wages and have done with him.

Cir I'll attend to your directions—but still I advise you to let her go with you now.

Sus. Now, do! I'm sure, for my part, I think the gentleman speaks like a book. Any body could see with half an eye that he was right.

Cir. And *you* have two whole ones—and very pretty ones, too. [*Susan curtseys to him.*

Jac. [*Aside, and sneeringly.*] Indeed!

Mor. [*Aside to* SUSAN.] Hold *your* tongue! What the deuce did you bring her here for?

Sus. [*Aside to him.*] Because I wasn't quite such a savage as you were. Besides, I think Windfall is a very nice little man.

Mor. I'm delighted to hear you say so! [*Aside to* JACOB.] Arn't you?

Jac. [*Aside to him.*] Why?

Mor. [*Aside to him.*] Stupid! because our game is to break off this match, and get up one between my Sister and Windfall.

Jac. [*Aside to him.*] Oh! it is? [*Aside.*] Not if I can help it though?

Mor. [*Aloud.*] Well, Windfall, are you ready?

Sally. No, sir, he's not ready.

Mor. It's usual to let men answer for themselves.

Ned. [*in a careless tone.*] No, my good friend; you're very kind—but, on second thoughts, I have changed my mind.

Mor. Just let me speak a word to you.

[NED *comes across to* MORGAN; MORGAN *and* JACOB *get one on each side of him:* SUSAN *crosses to* SALLY, *and they and* CIRCUIT *converse.*]

What are you about man? If you give up in this way you'll never have a moment's peace.

Ned. Do you think not?

Mor. I'm certain of it! Besides, with your good fortune, you can't, you positively can't be seen about till you're properly dressed. [*Aside to* JACOB] Why don't you back me up?

Ned. Well, I dare say you are right! I suppose it would *not* do.

Jac. People would laugh at you.

Ned. The deuce they would! It doesn't do for people of property to be laughed at.

Mor. Come with us at once then!

Ned. I will.

Mor. Stick to that, and you'll be all right.

Ned. Well, good bye, Sally; I'll see you again by and bye!

Sally. You don't mean to say that you're going without me?

Mor. [*Aside to* NED.] Keep it up.

Ned. My dear girl—change of circumstances requires change of appearance.

Sally. I don't care for your appearance—it's your disappearance. Besides, circumstances *must* be changed with you before you'd serve me in this way.

Ned. [*Aside to* Mor.] I can't do it; she's going to cry.

Mor. [*Aside to* Jacob.] Say something.

Jac. [*Aside to* Ned.] Women can always cry when it suits them.

Ned. [*Aside to* Jacob.] I didn't know that—[*aloud.*] Don't cry, Sally.

Sally. Don't you go, then.

Ned. I must.

Cir. It's no part of a lawyer's duty to give advice when it's not asked, but I must say you ought to be ashamed of yourself to worry this young woman so.

Sus. And you, Mr. Morgan, ought to be ashamed of yourself to encourage him.

Mor. Susan!

Sus. And as for *you*, Mr. Jacob Goodman—

Jac. Oh, well, if you don't approve of it—

Mor. [*Aside to* Jacob.] What does her opinion signify to you? [*They are pulling* Ned *away.*

Sally. Stop a moment; I've made up *my* mind—you *shan't* go.

Mor. [*Aside to* Ned.] If you give way now it's all over with you.

Ned. Come, come, Mrs. Sally, shan't is a strong word; since you come to that, I *will.*

Sally. [*Angrily.*] Go, then, *Mister* Ned, [*softening*] but I feel that I shall never see you again.

Ned. What Nonsense! I'm only going to the tailors'

Sally. [*Sobbing*] You'll be the death of *me*, and so you'd better call at the undertaker's.

Mor. [*Aside to* Ned.] Be firm, and you're a made man.

Ned. Upon my life, my dear Sally, I must say that you are making yourself quite ridiculous.

[*Going, pulled away by* Morgan *and* Jacob.

Sally. Very likely, sir; but one word more before you go. Ned, I say, [*crying*] how dare you, sir?

Ned. [*Stopping and turning.*] Well! what is it?

Sally. Mark my words—this making of your fortune will be your ruin.

Ned. Sally, Sally, I'm afraid you're growing silly, silly.

[*Exit* Ned L. H., *urged on by* Morgan *and* Jacob Circuit *and* Susan *console and restrain* Sally, *who, still sobbing, endeavours to rush after* Ned. *Curtain falls.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH SUSAN LIVES.

Door in flat, R. H. *Large window in flat*, L. H., *through which are seen area steps. Wooden table and chair in centre.*

MORGAN *discovered, sitting on the table.* JACOB *sitting across a chair the wrong way, and leaning on the back of it.*

Mor. I never knew such a provoking brute. This fellow's in our power. And when nothing is wanting but to hook him into a marriage with my sister, you start a hundred difficulties.

Jac. I have a conscience.

Mor. You have; made of India-rubber, that will stretch any way it's wanted.

Jac. I don't think it's moral.

Mor. That's not your real objection.

Jac. Upon my honour ———

Mor. Now I *know* it is'nt. [*He jumps down. and* JACOB *jumps up*] If you don't assist me, heart and hand, I'll expose your morality for you.

Jac. Hush, Morgan, hush!

Mor. Will you do what I want, then?

Jac. Well, I'll promise, [*aside*] but I wo'nt perform.

Mor. That's my own dear Jacob again. And now mind what you are about, for I hear Susan coming.

Enter SUSAN, L. H.

Sus. What is this important matter that you want to see me about?

Jac. Marriage—

Mor. Hold your tongue. [*To* SUSAN.] Have you ever thought about a husband?

Sus. You men are kind enough to tell us that we never think about anything else.

Jac. Capital.

Mor. [*Sharply*] Jacob— [*to* SUSAN] I mean any one in particular? Eh, Jacob?

Sus. [*Aside to* JACOB.] Am I to tell him?

Jac. *Aside to her.*] Don't, [*Looks carelessly away.*

Mor. What are you looking at *him* for? Answer—

Sus. [*Hesitatingly.*] No.

Mor. Then, Susan, *we* have found a husband for you. and we are *both* agreed that he is the very man.

Sus. Both? Then I suppose I must say yes.

Jac. *Aside to her*] Do'nt.

Sus. [*Aside*] Now, I don't know *what* to say.

Mor. Susan, you're a sensible wench.

Sus. Would you mind telling me who it is I'm to marry.

Mor. Who *should* it be but the rich heir—Edward Windfall.

Sus. I like a bit of fun, Morgan; but this is the one subject upon which women never enjoy being made fools of.

Mor. We're perfectly serious. ask Jacob.

Sus. [*To* JACOB.] May I believe him?

Jac. Certainly. [*Aside to her.*] Don't.

Sus. All I know is, that rich or not rich, the man your'e talking about is engaged to Sally Broomly.

Mor. That must be broken off. Such things are done every day.

Sus. More shame for those that do 'em; why they've been asked in church, and he's as fond of her as ever he can be.

Mor. Very likely. Men think every woman pretty till they see a prettier; and you, Susan, though I say it, are a very pretty girl.

Jac. A very—very—very pretty girl.

Mor. Jacob, that's enough. [*To* SUSAN] This man's money must come into the family somehow. There's half a quarrel already—I'll keep up that. You must make love to the little rich Dustman.

Sus. And do you think that I would do such a dirty thing?

Mor. What do you mean by dirty? he's not dirty.

Sus. No: but *I* should be, if I tried to cut out my friend.

Mor. Pshaw! love and friendship are two very different things.

Sus. Then they ought not to be.

Mor. Will you do as I tell you?

Sus. No.

Mor. Jacob—persuade the silly girl.

Jac. Do, Susan, do. [*Aside to her*] Don't.

Sus. I won't.

Mor. [*aside*] I must try and frighten her [*Aloud and pathetically*] Susan, you don't love your poor brother.

Sus. Nonsense, Morgan, you know I do.

Mor. You wouldn't care to see him die in a ditch?

Sus. Oh, don't talk so

Mor. I must. Susan, I have speculated—largely. Haven't I, Jacob?

Jac. Largely.

Sus. Oh, dear! In what?

Mor. Alas! railroads.

Sus. Why, I thought people made their fortunes in those things.

Mor. So they do, Susan—up to a certain point; but when once they have passed that, and get on to what they call the inclined plane, you've no idea at what a pace they go to ruin.

Sus. Dear, dear, this is dreadful. I can't bear to see you so.

Mor. Save me then.

Sus. How?

Mor. Make love to Ned Windfall.

Sus. Your friend can't think I ought.

Mor. He can—he does—don't you, Jacob?

Jac. By all means. [*Aside to her*] Don't.

Sus. There's something here that I can't understand.—[*Aloud*] Morgan, I'll do the best I can for you.

Mor. Then I may yet be saved from destruction. Come, Jacob.

Jac. [*Trying to cross to* Sus.] Stay—let *me* speak to her

Mor. [*stopping him*] Not a word—not a word;—we'll leave her while she's in this mind. [*Aloud*] Susan, my life is in your hands: have pity on your unhappy brother.

Jac. [*aside to him*] But why not let me?

Mor. [*aside to him*] Get out, you brute.

[*Exeunt* Mor. *and* Jac. *at door in flat*—Mor. *pushing him out.*]

Sus. I don't know what all this means; but, whatever it is, it goes to poor Sally as fast as my legs can carry it.

[*She is running to door in flat as scene closes.*

Scene II.—A STREET.

Enter, at opposite sides, Sally, L. H., *and* Circuit, R. H.

Cir. I was just coming to you.

al. And I to you, Mr. Circuit.

Cir. How do you like your lodgings?

Sally. What's the use of good lodgings, or fine clothes, or anything, if one's miserable?

Cir. Come, come, friend Windfall's head is a little turned by his good fortune, but still ——

Sally. A *little* turned! it must be turned right round—for his eyes have never looked my way since it happened

Cir. I don't like the company he has got into.

Sally. I should wonder if you did. Why, he dined somewhere with those two horrid men the day before yesterday, and from that moment to this they have kept him away from me.

Cir. Did you write to him, as I advised?

Sally. Yes, and here's his cruel answer; [*taking letter from her bosom*] you may read it.

Cir. No, no: tell me what he says.

Sally. He says— [*reading the direction*] — "Prepaid. Miss Sally Broomly, No. 16, ——

Cir. Never mind the outside.

Sally. [*Opening it*] "My dear Sally!" Should you think I *was* his dear Sally?

Cir. Now go on.

Sally. "My dear Sally, I'm glad you like your lodgings, and sorry I can't come to see you just yet; but my kind friends Morgan and Jacob, who know a great deal more than I do, say I mustn't think of such a thing. I've got my clothes, and very well I think you'll say I look in 'em. I'm sorry we can't be married to-morrow, but Morgan and Jacob say I can't think of such a thing till every thing is got ready according to my present situation. Don't mind this, 'cause it wont be long first, and as soon as ever Morgan and Jacob say it's all right, I'll come and let you know. I'm very comfortable, and hope you're the same. We live like fighting cocks.

"Your's, my dear Sally, till death us do part,

"NED WINDFALL."

Cir. Come, he says he's yours until death

Sally. And that will be about a week if he uses me in this way.

Cir. No, no! Have you asked your friends to the party this evening?

Sally. I've asked all the servants I know, and several of the small tradespeople.

Cir. That's right! And ordered the supper?

Sally. Yes! But what's the good of it all?

Cir. That you shall see in time. But here's Susan coming.

Enter SUSAN, L. H., *in her bonnet and shawl.*

Sus. Oh, Sally, I'm so glad I've found you. Good day, Mr Circuit.

Cir. You seem in a hurry.

Sus. I'm in a passion. Sally, Sally—what do you think?

Sally. Oh, my dear—it's time I left off thinking.

Sus. Well then, I'll tell you. My brother—I can't help his being my brother—he's no business to be so wicked, but he shan't make me so—my brother wants to make a break off between you and Mr. Windfall—and me to set my cap at him. What do you say to that?

Sally. Do it.

Sus. What do you mean?

Sally. What I say. Do it. I don't mean marry him, but set your cap at him. I'm getting desperate, and I should like to know the worst. If anybody can get him away from me, after we've been asked three times, he's not worth having. And if *anybody* can, I should say *you* can, for you're—[*weeping*]—oh dear, oh dear!—you're very pretty.

Cir. I would not tempt him too far: try my plan first. Go to him: when he sees you I can't help thinking that his proper feelings will return, and that you'll get him away from those two abominable ——

Sus. [*Interrupting*] My brother, you mean.

Cir. Yes, yes—your brother. Now keep up your spirits—dont let him see that you're afraid of him—but make *him* afraid of *you.*

Sally. I daresay you're right—I will: but it aint very easy when one's heart's a-bursting.

Cir. If all goes right, tell him of your party, and he'll be glad to join it; if not, Susan and I will settle what's the next thing to be done. In any case, don't invite his "*kind friends.*"

Sally. What! that Morgan and that Jacob!—I should think not. Oh, Susan, if that young man was anybody but your brother, wouldn't I scratch his eyes out. [*Exit,* L. H.

Sus. Hadn't I better go with her?

Cir. [*Taking her hand in his two*] You can see them after; and mind, if you find that she has failed, [*patting her hand all the time he speaks*] take some opportunity to let out about this party to-night.

Sus Do you want Windfall to be there?

Cir. Certainly, my good Susan; certainly.

Sus. Very well—I'll manage it.

[*Pulling her hand away: he retains it.*

Cir. I've no doubt you will—don't hurry away, my dear—I've no doubt you will. You're a very kind-hearted girl, Susan—and sharp, too; sharp as you are kind, and kind as you are pretty.

Sus. La! Mr. Circuit, I'm sure you're very civil. Good bye. [*Going.*

Cir. Good bye, my dear: we shall meet again this evening.

Sus. Oh, yes. [*Aside.*] What a dear kind man!

[*Exit*, L. H.

Cir. Upon my word, she's a very nice girl. [*Exit*, R. H.

Scene III.—A ROOM IN A TAVERN.

Door in flat, R H Ned, Morgan, *and* Jacob, *seated at table, smoking and drinking. A large bowl of punch on the table: biscuits, glasses, &c. pipes and tobacco.* Ned *is newly dressed.*

[*As the scene draws up they all laugh*]

Ned [*Knocking the ashes out of his pipe and refilling it*] Capital—capital! You fellows must have seen a precious deal of life.

Mor. We've seen a little.

Ned. I thought *I* was up to a thing or two.

Jac. Well, Mr. Windfall, I'm not a man to pay compliments; but a sharper fellow than you are *I never wish to meet with.*

Mor. Ditto, ditto.

Ned. Gentlemen, you're very kind, and I like your company vastly.

Mor. Envious people will tell you that we have made friends with you just because you're rich.

[*Helping* Ned *to punch.*

Ned. Let 'em—I know better.

Jac. It's a great comfort to hear you say so.

Ned. Why, didn't you ask me to dinner before you knew that I was anything but what I was?

Mor. I did.

Ned. Very well, then—let 'em say what they like. Egad, if I mustn't choose my own friends, I suppose I mustn't choose my own wife next.

Mor. Talking of wives, there's my sister Susan —

Ned. Yes, and there's my Sally—bless her.

Mor. [*Helping him to some pnnch*] You call Susan a pretty girl—dont you?

Ned. Oh, very. I wrote to Sally to put off our wedding, you know—

Jac. [*Aside*] Well done, Ned; he won't have Susan at any price.

Mor. Susan was saying the other day, "If ever I marry ——

Ned. Just let me finish about Sally.

Jac. That's right, Ned; finish about Sally.

Mor. [*Sharply*] Jacob, I wish you'd do me the favour to — [*softening as he sees* NED *watching*] have some more punch?

Ned. Yes, do. [*To* MORGAN] I say, how soon do you think I may be married?

Mor. There's plenty of time for that.

Ned. I don't think Sally would agree with you.

Jac. I'll be bound she wouldn't.

Mor. [*to* JACOB.] What the devil do you mean—[*softening*] by not handing me the biscuits?

[JAC. *hands them to him.*

Ned. I thought you two were going to quarrel, I declare.

Mor. What! Jacob and I quarrel! [*Rising and coming forward*] Come here, my dear Jacob, I want to speak to you. [JAC. *comes forward.*

Jac. Well?

Mor. You're a blackguard.

Jac. Mind what you're saying.

Mor. You're the worse for liquor, sir!

Jac. On the contrary, I'm all the better—I don't mean to stand your bullying any longer.

Mor. Don't be a fool! Why don't you back me about Susan?

Jac. Because I don't mean it.

Mor What *do* you mean, then?

Jac. To marry her myself—and now it's out.

Mor. I'm very glad it is.

Jac. You consent, then?

Mor. Do I?—I'll let you know that directly. It's in my power to ruin you.

Jac Yes, but you won't do it for your own sake.

Mor. Perhaps not: but there's another way to talk to a rascal—which, my very dear friend, you know you are.

Give up Susan; and, the day that she marries Windfall, I'll secure you two hundred pounds.

Jac. Out of *his* money?

Mor. That's no business of yours—what think you?

Jac. I think it's a large sum; and I think it's a cruel immoral world, that forces people, with the purest intentions, to follow their interest rather than their inclination.

Mor. I *must* trouble you for a straight answer?

Jac. Why, considering what a great match this would be for your sister, I'm almost tempted ——

Mor. Humbug to the last! You agree?

Jac. Ah, Morgan! you can turn me round your finger.

Mor It's a bargain, then; between rogues a word is as good as a bond.

Ned. If you two fellows don't come soon I shall drink all the punch.

Mor. Coming. [*They return to the table.*]

Ned. I want to give you a toast—

Jac. Jump up, we'll have a speech. [*They fill glasses.*

Ned. I object for two reasons; first of all, I've had a good deal of punch—and next of all, I couldn't make a speech if I hadn't—

Mor. Do it your own way.

Ned. Morgan, you were talking of your pretty sister. I'll give you——my sweetheart, Sally Broomley.

Mor. Oh, well, Sally Broomley. [*Drinks!*]

Jac. Sally Broomley. [*Drinks.*]

Ned. Sally Broomley, and may she and me soon be--

Mor. [*Thumping the table.*] Bravo, bravo, who says you can't make a speech?

Ned I'm glad you like it, because I'm going to make another.

Mor. and Jac Hear. hear.

[Sally *opens the door in flat and peeps in.*

Ned. Come, fill again. [*They fill.*]

Sally. There they are, the nasty sots, smoking and drinking still.

Ned. I haven't forgot that pretty sister of yours —

Sally. Indeed!

Ned. I'm thinking of marrying, as you know —

Sally. Oh, come!

Ned. I've put Sally off for a day or two, but that's nothing—

Sally. Is it?

Ned. When a man is about being married, he feels naturally tender towards the femi*nine* sex, and so I'll give you

the health of one that is— (upon my word I'm a poor hand at speechifying) but I know she's pretty, and I don't doubt she's everything else.

Sally. Poor little fellow, he *is* fond of me yet.

Ned. Here's Susan Rattler! [*A scream from* SALLY.] What's that?

Mor. Only some cat outside. [*Drinks.*] Susan Rattler.

Ned. Come, let's do it all right.

Mor. Jac. and Ned. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Ned. One cheer more.

Mor. Jac. and Ned. Hurrah!

[*Enter* SALLY, *at door in flat.*

Sally. And a little one in.

Mor. [*Aside*] Murder!

Ned. Sally?

Sally. [*Advancing.*] Yes, Sir,—Sally;—you didn't expect the pleasure of my company.

Ned. No, upon my life I didn't.

Sally. Come this way. [*Aside.*] I've heard him with my own ears, or I couldn't have believed it.

[*Ned has advanced to the front.*

Ned. My dear Sally, I'm uncommon glad to see you.

Sally. [*Turning and seeing him.*] Gracious! who in the world are you?

Ned. Neddy—your own Neddy.

Sally. Mine? Everybody's Neddy, I should think, while you look like such a donkey.

Ned, What do you mean by a donkey? These are my new clothes that I wrote you word I thought you'd like.

Sally. For which you have to thank your kind friends, I suppose—good for nothing fellows!

Mor. Hard words, Mrs. Sally, hard words; but you ladies are not very particular when you once begin.

Sally. It's lucky we're not—*somebody* ought to speak the truth. It's my opinion, and so I tell you, that you and t'other one there are no better than you should be.

Jac. The best man that ever lived is no better than he should be.

Sally. And yet an open scamp is better than a sneak.

Ned. Sally, these gentlemen are my friends, who would do anything for me.

Sally. Then tell them to go out of the room.

Ned. I can't do that—they've been dining with me, yesterday, and to-day too.

Sally. How very friendly!

Mor. We'll save you the trouble—come Jacob.

Jac. Anything to oblige the ladies.

Mor. Here, Ned, one more glass before we go.

Sally. Certainly not; he has had too much already.

Mor. One more glass, or we don't budge.

Ned. [*Going to table and drinking with them.*] One more glass of this punch couldn't hurt a fly, it is so uncommon mild.

[NED *returns to* SALLY. MORGAN *and* JACOB *are going off.*

Mor. [*Aside to* JACOB] That will just make him independent; and now if she bullies him she'll get as good as she brings. [*Exeunt* MORGAN *and* JACOB.

Sally. Are they gone?

Ned. Yes, Sally dear, and you can say what you like.

Sally. I mean it; but I doubt if you're in a fit state to hear it.

Ned. What's the matter with *me*?

Sally. You've been drinking, sir—you don't stand steady.

Ned. Nonsense, I'm as steady as old time—but I'm rather tired, and to tell you the truth, I should'nt mind if I had a chair.

Sally. [*Putting him one.*] There then, sit down, do.

Ned. Come, Sally, I'm not a going to sit down if you don't—I know what good manners is. [*Sits down.*] Get yourself another. [*She gets one for herself.*

Sally. [*Sitting down.*] Now, sir.

Ned. That's right,—have a glass of punch.

Sally. Don't talk to me about punch! Why do I find you here?

Ned. 'Cause I'm living here.

Sally. Why do I find those two men here?

Ned. 'Cause they're stopping with me.

Sally. I'm come to warn you—they're two as wicked wretches as ever were born.

Ned. Nonsense, they're capital fellows; they're teaching me to spend my fortune like a gentleman.

Sally. And is smoking and drinking spending your money like a gentleman?

Ned. That's part of it, I believe.

Sally. And a very bad part of it it is; but they'll lead you on, till instead of being as respectable an individual as any in the parish, you'll become the wickedest little dog in all England.

Ned. Don't you be alarmed!

Sally. But I am; and precious good cause I have to be. Susan Rattler's pretty, is she?

Ned. I can't help that.

Sally. But you could help giving her health.

Ned. That's nothing. If you had come a little sooner you might have heard me give the health of one that I like a good sight better than her.

Sally. You're too bad for any thing! Who was that pray?

Ned. One Sally Broomley.

Sally. Who—me? Me, Ned, me?

Ned. Yes, *you*, you jealous little hussy.

Sally. Well, come, you're a good old fellow after all.

Ned. I believe you.

Sally. But now, I say Ned, will you do me a favor?

Ned. Half a hundred.

Sally. That's a dear boy—give up these men!

Ned. No, I certainly shan't do that.

Sally. But you promised me, sir!

Ned. Yes; but I didn't know it was anything about men. I thought it was something about women.

Sally. You might as well!

Ned. I'd rather not!

Sally. You must!

Ned. I can't!

Sally. You shall!

Ned. I won't! [SALLY *and* NED *jump up.*

Sally. Very well, sir. You don't choose to take my advice, and now remember what I tell you—you'll repent of it.

Ned. Come, come, Mrs. Sally—no threatening. I'm rather too rich for that.

Sally. Ah, there it is! it's that horrid money. I wish I had every penny of it.

Ned. So do a good many other people.

Sally. You know what I mean. I'd throw it all away.

Ned. Then you needn't mind *my* doing it.

Sally. Make a joke of it—do! Ruin is a nice subject to joke upon,

Ned. I don't understand what you mean. I'm an independent man—and let me *be* one.

Sally. Very good: you want ruin, and you shall have it. When your money is all gone, perhaps you'll be a decent man again.

Ned. A *decent* man!—who says I'm anything *but* a decent man?

Sally. Never mind. You take your own way—I'll take mine. [*Going.*

Ned. Sally, what are you up to?

Sally. I know.

Ned. Yes—but *I* want to know.

Sally. Then you won't. *I* can say won't as well as you.

Ned. I never thought it would come to this, Sally, between us.

Sally. Perhaps you didn't.

Ned. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Sally. I shall not stop here to be insulted. Don't attempt to follow me.

Ned. I wasn't thinking of it.

Sally. [*Aside, half crying*] He won't follow me. [*Aloud*] Stay, sir—stay with your sweet companions, [Mor. *and* Jac. *re-enter*] and make the most of them—for you may rest assured they'll make the most they can of you. Farewell, savage.

Mor. Good bye, Sally, if you *must* go.

Sally. Monster!

Jac. Allow me to hold the door for you.

Sally. Hypocrite! [*Crying*] Ned! [*Exit.*

Ned. Well—there's three of us, however! Savage, monster, and hypocrite!

Jac. I'm afraid you've been disputing.

Ned. Oh, let her go; she'll recover herself by and bye—and if she don't, I can't help it.

Mor. My dear Ned, you're a trump; but she's coming back, well leave you again.

Jac. Hadn't we better stop then?

Mor. [*Aside to him*] Come away, you fool; it's Susan.

[*Exeunt* Mor. *and* Jac. L. H.

Enter Susan.

Ned. [*Seating himself, folding his arms, and crossing his legs*] What game is she at now? [*Aloud*] It's very little use your coming back, if you can't behave better than you did before.

Sus. What d'ye say?

Ned. [*Looking round*] Oh, its *you*, Susan. How d'ye do?

Sus. Pretty well, thank you—how are you?

Ned. Pretty ill, I can tell you.

Sus I'm sorry for that. What's the matter?

Ned. Sally.

Sus. I was afraid there was something wrong, for I met her looking very queer.

Ned. She ought to be ashamed of herself, and so I told her. She kicks up all this bobbery with me, just because your brother and his friend are good enough to teach me how to spend my fortune as a gentleman ought.

Sus. [*Aside*] What a shame of my brother to impose upon such a good-natured little fellow—and then I'm to impose upon him too. However, I've promised Sally, and so I suppose I must. [*Aloud*] She's wrong to leave you so.

Ned. You're a nice, gentle creature, Susan—like what my Sally was. *My* Sally, did I say?—she's not my Sally, and she shan't be my Sally.

Sus. She almost deserves not to be, if she worries such a dear good man as you are ——

Ned. How pretty you talk.

Sus When people are once agreed to be married, they ought to agree for good and all.

Ned. Is them your real sentiments?

Sus. I'm sure they are.

Ned. Then I wish you was my Sally.

Sus I can't be that.

Ned. No! but you might be my Susan.

Sus. How am I to trust a man who can change so soon?

Ned. Look at the usage I've had. I *was* very fond of Sally—I *must* be fond of somebody—I *could* be very fond of *you*.

Sus. You must take more time to think about it.

Ned. No—I won't think: if I do I shall think myself into a madhouse; and so I'll say to you at once, Susan, —[*a clarionet heard without*]—What's that?

Sus. Only a man playing in the street.

[*Clarionet plays part of "Sally in our alley."*

Ned. Hush, hush!

[*He listens attentively, and sinks gradually into his chair, As the music ceases, he sings tremulously,* SUSAN *watching him with kind interest.*]

The Sal they used to sing about,
Wan't half the girl my Sal is.

[*bursts into tears*] Oh, Susan, I'm very much afraid I'm a shocking little blackguard.

Sus. You're no such thing—you're one of the best-hearted little men that ever lived.

Ned. What do you mean?

Sus. That I've only been trying you. And now I can tell Sally you're as fond of her as ever, and you'll be as happy as the day is long.

Ned. You don't say so.

Sus. I do. Why did you not go with her?—she has got a party of friends to-night at her new lodgings, and of course she wanted you.

Ned. Why could't she say so, then, instead of putting herself in a passion?

Sus. Never mind—if *she* didn't invite you *I* do. We'.. go together. [*taking his arm.*

Ned. Susan—you dear creature!—as I can't marry you myself, see if I don't give the lucky man that does a thousand pounds to set him up in business.

[*Exeunt together*

Re-enter MORGAN, *first, and then* JACOB, *observing them.*

Mor. Well done, Susan!—she has got him safe enough, and it's all right,

Jac. Is it, though? I'm half inclined ——

Mor. Don't preach, but come along: wherever they are, *we* must be wanted. [*Exeunt together.*

SCENE IV—SALLY'S LODGINGS, SET OUT FOR A PARTY.

SALLY *amongst her friends, at the back in second room, the door of which is open.* CIRCUIT *enters;* SALLY *sees him, and advances to meet him.*

Sally. [*Stopping after a few steps and speaking towards inner room.*] There now, make yourselves all as happy as e ver you can; there's lots of tea—green *and* black—and I've ordered no end of muffins and crumpets. [*Coming down*] Oh, Mr Circuit, I'm so glad you're come. I hardly know what I'm about.

Cir. Well, how did you get on with him?

Sally. Why I gave it him well, I promise you. At one time I thought we should make it up, and that he was coming all right; but he didn't, so I gave it him again.

Cir. You don't know that he's coming here, then?

Sally. No.

Cir. Ah, he'll come. Susan will manage all that; she's a sensible, kind-hearted, pretty girl.

Sally. Too pretty, I'm afraid.

Cir. No, I shouldn't say that: when a woman is right in all other respects, I can't think that her being good-looking is anything against her.

Sally. But why have you made me give this party?

Cir. To alarm Windfall.

Sally. Look at the supper that's ordered. I'm afraid it will cost a mint of money.

Cir. That's the very thing. I want you to frighten him out of his extravagance by being extravagant too; that if he can't see his faults in his own glass he may see them in yours.

Sally. La, what clever people you lawyers are!

Cir. Trust to me. When he comes be gay and talkative, and attentive to every body but him—in short, do everything you can to annoy him.

Sally. Well, I'm sure I will, if you think it will do him good.

Cir. Join your friends, then—he'll soon be here!

Sally. [*Going—returns.*] La, Mr. Circuit, a thought strikes me. I wonder if you would do me a favor?

Cir. Surely! What is it?

Sally. Why—would you mind taking the trouble—I beg your pardon, just to make love to me a little?

Cir. I?

Sally. Yes; I should be very much obliged to you, because I think that would nearly drive him mad, poor little fellow.

Cir. Well, I'll do my best! How shall I begin? [*Offering his arm.*] Suppose you take my arm.

Sally. With the greatest of pleasure.

[*The party come in from the other room.*

Cir. Oh, here come your friends?

Sally. Well, have you all made a good tea?

Several. Oh, yes, capital!

Sally. Come, then, what say you to a hop? Choose your partners, and dance away. You needn't be afraid of making yourselves hungry, for I've got a rare supper for you by and by. What will you dance? *Quod*rills, I suppose.

Several. Oh, quod-rills—quod-rills.

[*A dance is formed. One of the men advances to* SALLY, *and bows as if asking her to dance.*

Sally. No thank you, not at present. Mr. Circuit and I will sit here and look on.

[*A quadrille is formed—they dance. A fiddler takes his place in a chair, with a bottle and glass under it. He calls out the figures. When they come to* CAVALIER SEUL.

Cir. Who's that?

Sally. Mr. Sprout, the greengrocer; a smart little man, isn't he?

Cir. Smart as a carrot. Who's that?

Sally. Mr. Suet, our butcher.

Cir. How famously he cuts! Who's this one?

Sally. Mr. Ovendone, the baker.

Cir. He must have dined upon yeast—see how he rises. But *this* seems to be the man to carry away the prize.

Sally. Oh, that's John, the tall footman, at No. 34; he's reckoned to dance the quodrilles beautiful. They *say* he's had evening lessons at a grown up academy.

[*The dance finishes with a general galope, in which* CIRCUIT *and* SALLY *join.* NED *and* SUSAN *having entered,* SUSAN *forces him against his will to to galope with her. As the other couples are going round,* SALLY *and* CIRCUIT *dance straight across the stage up to* NED *and* SUSAN, *and then galope backward from them without seeming to notice them.*]

Ned. [*to* SUSAN] Mrs. Sally's coming it a little too strong. I say, I say, d'ye see 'em? Sally—Sally, I say.

[CIRCUIT *and* SALLY *get up. She takes his arm.*

Sally. [*Affectedly.*] Good evening, Mr. Windfall, quite delighted to see you at my party.

Ned. Very likely—but you didn't ask me.

Sally. No matter for that; any friend of Susan's.

Ned. Oh! any friend of Susan's—oh!

Sally. *Aside to* CIRCUIT.] I wish he would let go of her arm.

Cir. [*Aside to her.*] Never mind.

Ned. [*Aside to* SUSAN.] What does she keep hold of his arm for?

Susan. [*Aside to him.*] That's nothing.

Ned. [*Very loud and earnestly.*] Sally!

Sally. Goodness, you make me jump.

Ned. What does all this mean? I insist upon an explanation!

Sally. If you're going to misbehave yourself, sir, I shall give you no explanation at all!

[CIRCUIT *motions to the company to retire to next room; as they do so,* MORGAN *and* JACOB *come down between them.*

Mor. I fear there's some misunderstanding—can we be of any use?

Sally. Not the least! Nobody asked you?

Jac. Still it's one's duty.

Sally. I mean nobody asked you to come here. And I mean that your room will be far more agreeable than your company.

Ned. Stay where you are, Morgan and Jacob. [*To* SALLY.] They are my personal friends.

Sally. Some day I hope you'll know who your friends are.

Ned. You just come here! [SALLY *comes to him*: CIRCUIT *and* SUSAN *retire.*] What's this party for?

Sally. Fun!

Ned. Fun! Do you know what an expense it will be?

Sally. What does that signify when one's rich!

Ned. Rich! If you go on this way I shall soon be a beggar?

Sally. Nonsense; If I'm independent, let me be so?

Ned. [*Aside.*] She's turning my own words against me. [*Aloud.*] I'll soon put a stop to this. Mr. Circuit shan't let you have any more money.

Sally. Ah, but you told him to let me have lots, and he has. [*Turns up stage.*

Ned. Oh, I'm a miserable man! Morgan, do come here, this Sally will be the ruin of me?

Mor. She *would* have ruined you, and therefore you may think yourself a lucky fellow that your'e going to marry Susan;

Ned. What are you talking about?

Mor. Come—you don't suppose that we didn't overhear you make her an offer!

Ned. I did no such thing! She's an excellent girl; and I said I'd give her a thousand pounds when she married, and so I will.

Mor. You said you'd marry her! Jacob and I will swear to it. And your friend, the lawyer there, will tell you that two witnesses are sufficient.

Ned. Mr. Circuit, just step this way. [CIRCUIT *comes.*] Pray, if two people swear, I promised to marry a person I never did promise, is that good against me?

Cir. Stop, who is the person?

Ned. Susan.

Cir. Indeed! If the witnesses are respectable, I fear you will be in a difficulty?

Ned. I begin to doubt about respectable. But it's Mr. Morgan here and his friend Mr. Jacob.

Mor. None of your impudence, sir! My sister is not to be trifled with. You must either marry her or fight me.

Ned. Oh, I'll fight you as soon as look at you.

Solly. [*Getting before him.*] You stand off, sir, if you please. [*Turning up his cuffs and preparing to fight*

Mor. Why, you were quarrelling with him yours lf j now?

Sally. Suppose I was—he's nobody's dog but mine.

Ned. Thank you, Sally; thank you.

Sus. [*Advancing*] Morgan, what are you about?

Mor. Why, Mr Windfall here has the impudence to swear that he is not engaged to marry you; but I'll swear he is.

Jac. And so will I.

Sus. And I'll swear he's not.

Ned. Thank you, Susan; thank you.

Cir. The case falls to the ground, and the witnesses may retire.

Ned. Thank you, Mr. Circuit; thank you.

Mor. [*Aside to* Jac] We're done upon that. [*Aloud, and holding out his hand to* Ned] My dear Ned.

Jac. [*Following his example*] My dear Ned.

Ned. What are you at now?

Mor. Couldn't you see we were only joking?

Ned. Precious queer kind of joking!

Mor. Why, didn't you know that Susan was going to be married to my dear friend Jacob?

Ned. Can't say I did.

Mor. And didn't I know that you had kindly and generously promised her a thousand pounds.

Jac. [*Running to Susan*] My dear Susan ——

Sus. Go along, sir, I have found you out; and I wouldn't have you if there wasn't another man in the world.

Jac. [*Turning upon* Mor.] This is all your fault: if you had told me your sister was going to have a thousand pounds ——

Mor. You would'nt have agreed with me to give her up for the chance of two hundred.

Sally. I *have* heard tell that when rogues fall out honest men come by their own.

Ned. You're two nice boys, aren't you? Poor fellows! I pity you.

Mor. Before you pity me, pay me. [*Drawing out paper*] Here's a warrant of attorney for three thousand pounds.

Ned. I know nothing about it—it's a swindle. I didn't sign it, and I wasn't sober when I did.

Cir. One would really think he understood legal pleadings.

Ned. [*Aloud*] Mr. Circuit, am I obliged —

Cir. The attestation which the law requires i wanting—and the instrument is, like yourselves, good for nothing. [*throwing it at them*]

Mor. Oh, that's it, is it? Well then—we're done, and I can't help it?

Jac. I trust, Morgan, this will be a lesson to you,

Mor. Come, I can stand a good deal—more particularly when I know I'm wrong: but to be lectured by such an abominable hypocrite as you are is too much for human patience.

Jac. And this man calls himself my friend.

Mor. Mr. Windfall, you'll say there's little merit in a confession when one has been found out; but before I leave you, I feel for once in my life, an irresistible propensity to tell the truth. I will not walk off with more blame than falls to my share. I thought you had more money than you knew what to do with, and I knew that I had less. I certainly plotted that you should marry my sister. But the merit of the great fraud belongs exclusively to my *moral* friend here, Mr. Jacob Goodman. I now wish you joy of your property, and perhaps, some day, when I have retrieved my character, we may be friends again. [*Exit.*

Jac. I'm sure you'll allow me to explain!

Ned. No, sir.

Jac. Oh, well! think it's all my doing. No one ever seems to understand my true character. My comfort will be that if I do suffer unjustly, it will be to shield my poor friend. [*Exit.*

Ned. Well, Susan, I don't think that brother of your's is such a bad fellow after all. But you're precious lucky to be clear of Mr. Jacob Goodman, altho' you *have* lost a husband.

Cir. Stop—she *may* have found another.

Ned. Oh, that's the way the wind blows! Well, dash me if I arn't as glad as sixpence that my thousand pounds will be shared with the man that brought me the news of my luck.

[NED *and* SALLY *have been avoiding each other; but* CIRCUIT *and* SUSAN *retiring together up the stage, leave them face to face—they look foolish. After a pause,* NED *coughs* - SALLY *coughs.*

Ned. Well, Sally, this is rum work; are we to be the only people that arn't married after all?

Sally. Just as you like.

Ned. You know what I like, well enough; but what I don't like is your extravagance.

Sally. I saw you going to ruin, and I thought wherever you went it was my business to go with you.

Ned. I was a fool! I didn't know what I was about.

Sally. But I knew well enough what *I* was about;—for, says our good old friend there, people can see faults in

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 457 994 A

other people when they can't see their own. And so by his advice, I shammed being extravagant.

Ned. And is this all sham?

Sally. Why, not exactly! There'll be the supper to pay for?

Ned. Hang the supper. The lesson's cheap at the price Come to my arms old girl, and we'll be married to-morrow. [*They embrace*] It's all right, Mr. Circuit. [*All come down.*

Cir. And if I have helped to make it so, I shall be very glad. Lawyers don't always give bad advice, much as they get abused. Money to those who don't know how to make good use of it, is a curse instead of a blessing: but I can tell you, Mr. Windfall, that you have got a wife, who is worth all the fortune you have come in for.

Ned. Egad! I believe you.

Sally. And now that we have money of our own, and a house of our own, let us see if we can fill it with real friends of our own. At all events, Ned, do you let them know that we shall always be happy to see them.

Ned. [*Advancing*]. You hear what she says, and I hope you will attend to her. The good old customs of good old England, are fast disappearing. It is the aim of this little Drama to keep one of them pleasantly in your recollection. The poor Dustmen in the streets of London dare no longer *ring*—they can only *cry*—and, in my opinion, it's enough to make 'em. However [*taking* SALLY'S *hand*] there is *one* Dustman's Belle that I have vowed to hold fast by, and I mean to keep my vow.

Look then, with favour, upon your "Constant Dustman," *and* his Belle, and as long as she enacts the Belle, let your kind hands supply the clappers.

THE END.

S. G. Fairbrother, Printer, 31, Bow Street, Covent Garden

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 457 994 A

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5